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zekkass on October 31st, 2011 03:12 pm (UTC)
Supernatural, Michael/Lucifer, PG(ish), wingfic/possessiveness/claiming/biting (kinda) - enjoy!

They are glorious wings, even if the years and the cold have wrecked their original beauty. Now feathers stick out at odd angles, and Michael can identify whole layers of feathers that appear brittle; damaged. The color has changed as well: instead of a glorious blinding *clean* white, these feathers are blackened with soot and dust and the closest any feathers come to their original color is a light grey.

Lucifer won't let him touch them.

It's only natural, of course: for all that Lucifer is hardened and impervious to further pain, his wings - like all angel's wings - are delicate. Sensitive.

Michael puts his hands all over Lucifer's body, leaves his mark with bites and scratches and yet - as much as Lucifer has bowed to him, is *owned* by him, Lucifer denies him this.

It will not stand.

"Do you trust me, Lucifer?"

"No," Lucifer says. He's honest now that Michael punishes lies and half-truths, and Michael takes care not to punish him for the truth, no matter how much it hurts. "Why would I?"

Lucifer looks at him, but Michael doesn't meet his eyes. Instead he pushes Lucifer's head back down, remaining where he is: straddling Lucifer's back.

"Too bad." He could order Lucifer to show him his wings all day and he'd get nowhere, so: he puts a hand between Lucifer's shoulder-blades and abuses his position and power, forcing Lucifer to manifest his wings.

And there they are, black and grey and speckled with soot and worse, some feathers coated in ice and even snow dusting the arch of them. Glorious, Michael thinks. He can feel Lucifer go rigid beneath him and he knows that Lucifer is prepared for the worst sort of pain right now.

"You are mine, Lucifer. All of you. I will not permit you to hide from me." Michael murmurs as he runs a gentle hand over injured feathers. If he can wring a moan out from Lucifer, or any sound whatsoever - "Do you understand?"

Lucifer doesn't answer, and Michael's hand tightens on his wing.

"Do you understand?" He repeats, slower than before.

"...Yes," Lucifer says. He lets out a low hiss as Michael loosens his hold. "I understand."

"Good," Michael says, and he bends to mouth at some of the frost-covered feathers, melting the snow with his breath.